

The Perjur'd SWAIN;

OR, The Damsels Bloody Tragedy.

{ You Loyal Lovers now that hear
this Damsels Destiny;

{ } Sure can't forbear to shed a Tear
at this sad Tragedy.

The Tune is, Sebastian's Farewel.

{ This may be Printed, R. P.



AS I rang'd for my Recreation,
just as fair Phebus in glory did rise;
I o'reheard a young Damsel in passion,
who bath'd her Cheeks with her wat'ry Eyes;
Smiting her Breast, these words she exprest,
O where shall I wander to find any rest?
My unkind Swain, has left the Plain,
and long have I sought him, and yet alas in vain.

I ne'r thought you could have been a ruel,
when you my Person did dearly adore;
Saying, I was your amorous Jewel,
and now'd you lov'd me a thousand times more.



Then all the Gold you e're did behold,
but I find that passionate Love is soon cold;
When Maids believe, Young-men deceive,
and that is the reason that I lament and grieve.

By each false and flattering Story,
my heart to love you was easie betray'd;
This has clearly Eclipsed my Glory,
and you have Ruin'd an innocent Maid,
Whose bitter crys, now pierces the Skies,
while you do both Triumph and Tyrannize
Over me here, sharp and severe,
for loving so loyal, my Life must pay full dear.

Here I make my moan to the Mountains;
and senseless trees which are here in the Grove,
While my Eyes they do flow like two Fountains,
sad sighs I send for the loss of my Love:
Here I declare, I am in despair,
my passion is more than I'm able to bear;
True Love, I find, distracts my mind,
O Strephon, now tell me, how can you be unkind.

Pale-fac'd Death come hither and seize me
why should I live here in sorrow and grief?
O, it lies in thy power to ease me,
'tis thou art able to yield me relief:
Here let me have a sweet silent Grave,
for that is the boon I desire to crave;
To ease my smart, let me depart,
without long delaying, come wound me to the heart.

Since my Swain has prov'd so ungrateful,
I here lie wrack'd on the torments of love;
Surely never was Man more deceitful,
he often call'd to the Powers above
To justify, his pure Loyalty,
yet he from his vows and his promise can fly;
Here I take on, do what I can,
sure there is no Creature so false as wretched Man.

My sweet Lambs that are round me a feeding,
here in this Valley both safe and secure;
While my innocent heart lies a bleeding,
you are not sensible what I endure:
What heaviness, my Soul does possess,
my Pen is not able, alas, to express;
Yet soon I'll be, from my pains free,
for why should I languish in grief and misery.

To my Swain my love was intire,
and can't forget him as long as I live;
Thereto e here I do vow to expire,
and will this minute the fatal stroke give:
Then she apply'd, a Dart to her side,
which made a deep wound, so that quickly she dy'd:
In midst of pain, she cry'd again,
farwel to the world, and my false & perjur'd Swain
F I N I S.

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